

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 1900.

HALF
PRICE

The Quaker City

HALF
PRICE

...FURNISHES A...

Sensational Shoe Sale

We have just purchased the entire stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Shoes, formerly owned by the well-known Men's Outfitting house of Jacob Reed & Sons, 1412-1414 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. The superior quality of goods handled by this old-established house is known and recognized throughout the United States. The original price marks of Jacob Reed & Sons still remain on these shoes. Our prices shall be exactly ONE-HALF!

Entire Shoe
Stock of
Jacob Reed's
Sons at Just
Half Their
Prices!

Just Think of It.

Men's \$8.00 Shoes
for \$4.00.
Men's \$6.00 Shoes
for \$3.00.
Men's \$5.00 Shoes
for \$2.50.
Men's \$4.00 Shoes
for \$2.00.

Founded 1824 by Jacob Reed,
Jacob Reed & Sons,
1412-1414 Chestnut St.,
Clothes, Hats, Furnishings,
Shoes.

Philadelphia, Jan. 25, 1900.
Messrs. Wm. Hahn & Co.,
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen—Your offer for the purchase of our entire shoe stock has been accepted. As we have stated, the principal reason for discontinuing this branch of our business has been the urgent need of other departments for more space, and it is mainly this consideration which prompts us to dispose of this excellent stock. The goods are all of the highest grade, the men's shoes—apart from the athletic goods—retailing at from \$1 to \$9 a pair, and the boys' shoes from \$2.50 to \$4.

We ship today by P. & O. R. R. in 72 day goods-cases, and trust they will reach you safely and that you may meet with success in the disposal of them. Yours, very truly,
JACOB REED & SONS.

\$14,578

Worth of
Men's and
Boys' Fine
Shoes at
A Sacrifice.

This Is the Tune.

Boys' \$4.00 Shoes
for \$2.00.
Boys' \$3.50 Shoes
for \$1.75.
Boys' \$3.00 Shoes
for \$1.50.
Boys' \$2.50 Shoes
for \$1.25.

This sale will start with a rush tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock at our Seventh street store only. We say to you candidly, and most emphatically, that Washington has never before had the opportunity of buying such superior footwear at such a pitance. In addition to regular lines, the stock includes the finest Military and Riding Boots, Hunting Boots, Golf Shoes, Bicycle Footwear, and other styles made especially for every kind of athletic sport. It's the surprise sale of a lifetime!

Special Bargains for Men and Boys with Very Narrow Feet.

WM. HAHN & CO.'S

Three Reliable Shoe Houses,

Cor. 7th and K Sts.
1914-1916 Pa. Ave., N.W.
233 Pa. Ave. S. E.

Remember! This Sale at the Seventh
Street Store Only.

HALF
PRICEHALF
PRICE

IN PICTURESQUE SPAIN

A Trip From the Portuguese Coast
to the Guadiana.

Cadiz, the Seaport, Founded Eleven
Centuries Before the Birth of
Christ—a Glimpse of Palos, From
Which Columbus Sailed on His
First Voyage of Discovery.

CADIZ, Spain, Dec. 25.—We are not "doing the Spanish tour" in the straight and narrow way of the orthodox guide-book, but according to the vagrant fancies of our own sweet will as to routes and details. On the ignored principle that one does not travel for to find familiar things, we ignored the comfortable but commonplace steamers of England and Germany, and took passage at Lisbon on a little Portuguese coaster, whose jabbering of strange tongues, ungainly men, and piratical-looking crew—each swarthy villain with a knife stuck in his belt, a la opera bouffe—promised plenty of "the spice of life."

Thus we sailed down the Tagus and out to sea, hugging the coast all the way down the Peninsula, in full view of the dark Sierra de Caldeiro, but stopping nowhere until after the sharp corner of Cabo de Sao Vincente was rounded; thence due east, along the Province of Algarve, calling at many small ports to take on wine, fish, oil, olives, and other articles of Portuguese and Spanish trade.

cheerfully as reward and call on the saints to bless you all the same. As everywhere in the Iberian Peninsula, the omnipresent lottery-ticket-vender is abroad in the land, no hamlet being so poverty-stricken that it has not scores of them, male and female, selling halves, quarters, even eighths of tickets, and dodging ready purchasers. Indeed, the poorer the people, the more anxious they seem to buy; for is not the time-honored saying true, "Tomorrow the wheel goes round?" Who knows but some twirl of fortune's finger will place the grand prize in the hand of the man who is hungry today? "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;" therefore everybody invests, from the padre under his shaggy hat, to the cheerful beggar hollering in the sun.

Hospitality of the People.
So beautifully hospitable are the Portuguese people—particularly those who occupy that golden mean of station between the proud but impoverished nobility and the illiterate peasantry—that the stranger who is loitering away an hour or two, while his steamer discharges or takes on cargo, is sure of being invited into a somebody's home, to rest under the shade of the corridor and refresh himself with a cooling drink of wine or orangeade. He will be treated with all the courtesy accorded to an expected guest; and when he departs, there will be cordial handshakes and fervent commendings to the care of the saints. King Carlo's too-contented subjects may be shiftless and unprogressive, but there is very much to be said in their favor. Perhaps theirs is the truest philosophy—no kicking against the pricks of environment, but accepting with tranquil happiness whatever the gods bestow. Rest is in sea and sky and earth and air—the hoary rest of centuries, with peace and modest plenty. At their back doors are mountains and valleys, green the whole year through, unfailing in rich yield of fruit and grain. In front of them the sea, teeming with food, free for the taking. Scarcely comprehending how greater wealth might be desirable, they wonder why any human being should worry and strive, and as for him, or her, who hurries about with something radically wrong about so unreasonably a person.

To be sure, an American farmer, with his modern methods, would easily accomplish in half a day more than a gang of Portuguese farm hands can do in a week, but the former misses, altogether, the charming picturesqueness of pastoral life. During the last thousand years Portugal has made not a single improvement in any implement or utensil. Ground is still scratched with plows of the first pattern made by a man—a sharpened root, or a crotch of a tree; and it is dragged by oxen hitched tandem, in traces of braided straw. A dozen men, women, and children consider themselves indispensable to the tilling of the each short furrow, clinging to the plow handles, riding upon the beam, guiding the oxen, and amid tremendous shouting and excitement, and when a

few feet of the soil have been thus turned over all sit down in the shadow of the flowery hedge to enjoy a well-earned siesta. Why should they hurry, when summer never ends, and seedtime and harvest come alike at the will of the planter?

Primitive Methods in Vogue.
All American cereals grow with remarkable luxuriance in Southern Portugal. They are cut with the short curved sickle, followed by the gleaners, as in the days of Ruth in the field of Boaz. Corn is pulled, (not cut); the leaves preserved for fodder, the stalks munched by goats and donkeys, and the cobs, after shelling, used for fuel. Every farm has its extra, or threshing-floor—a circular heap of pumice stone, rain-soaked and beaten hard as granite. Upon this the wheat and barley are piled, and over them blind-folded cows and oxen are driven to and fro, until the treading has released the kernels. In the entire Peninsula there is no other method of threshing grain. The straw is then lifted off the ears with wooden forks, and a rag hoisted on a stick to find the direction of the wind. This ascertained, the women and girls range themselves along the windward side of the ears, and toss the grain into the air, until the chaff is blown away.

Another Portuguese institution that may have been borrowed from Moses' time, is the *Moira*, or water wheel. You see it everywhere along the country roadides, with blind-folded oxen marching round and round, raising the water, which is sent through stone troughs to fill the fountains and feed the irrigating ditches.

Late in the afternoon we crossed the Rubicon of the Guadiana and left old Portugal behind. So it happened that in the glory of a Spanish sunset, I caught the first glimpse of the longed-for-land of my childhood—Portugal. I had been told that the only bit of real estate I ever owned! In cloud-pictures against the sunset sky, its shining towers arose complete with battlements high in the bush of the air. As the towers faded,

appropriately draped in crimson and gold, the royal colors of Spain. In the moving panorama of fleecy clouds, one could distinctly trace the gallant figure of Don Quixote de la Mancha, followed by his faithful squire, riding their donkeys full tilt against naïve windmills; the mighty Caliph Abdurrahman, wearing Moslem temples for the mail-clad Old City; and all the other delights and wonders that belong to everybody's imaginary possessions in Spain.

There was just time, before twilight dropped its curtain on the scene, to get a field glass view of Palos, the ancient port of southwestern Spain, whence Columbus sailed four hundred years ago on his first voyage to America. The stilt little stone church of St. George—looking as fresh in the distance as it only yesterday the contractor had handed over his finished work—still guards the entrance to the town, as when the great admiral reeled from its pulpit the royal edict—that the citizens of Palos should furnish his crews for the uncertain voyage in search of another world. Pancy the terror and distress in the little town, at such an unexpected levy upon its population! There, too, is the convent chapel of Santa Clara, where Columbus and his sailors fulfilled their vow, after the return from that momentous feat of their first, right ashore in prayer, and before their nearest altar. History says that Columbus at last performed his vow to the letter, kneeling all night long on the cold stone before his image in Santa Clara.

Two or three miles beyond, clear and distinct on its breezy hilltop, stands the old convent of La Piedad, whose cloister figured at our world's fair in Chicago a few years ago. Today passing vessels rarely touch at Palos, because the aged town offers few inducements to modern trade or travel; but 250 years ago it was a busy port, with a harbor and a dock, and a few scattered houses clinging up the hillside. I doubt "half a dozen of its five or six hundred inhabitants ever heard of Columbus, or what he discovered." The visitor to Palos brings away with him, besides an extra burden of dust and fleas, a sad impression of prevailing ignorance, poverty, and sloth.

Venerable Cadiz.
Speaking of antiquity, the discovery of America, only four little centuries ago, is but as a minute past compared with the traditions of Cadiz! Founded by Hercules, eleven centuries before Christ was born, it is not only one of the oldest cities in Europe, but fully half as old as this woeary world itself, according to the Hebrew tradition. Its early name may have been under the Phoenicians and Carthaginians is not now known. The Romans, who captured it three and a half centuries before the foundation of Rome was laid, called it "Gadibus" and made it for a time the most wealthy and important city of the world. Afterward the Goths and Moors had their turn at it, each a few hundred years; and it has been Spanish only since 1292. Nor has it belonged to Spain ever since, for Drake, the English buccaneer, took forcible possession in 1597, followed by Lord Essex and a bunch of Britons, who twisted its time-honored name into something like "Kales." The French held it a few years in the early part of the present century, and Heaven knows who its next master may be, when Spain gets a little more out of pocket and credit.

With these historic points in mind, one's first view of Cadiz, "The Silver City," is an immense surprise. "You are prepared for a sea, and gray, tumble-down place—but not for the bright and beautiful quality. Seen from

a ship's deck in the early morning—its towers and battlements, churches and tall stone houses gleaming like spotless marble in the sun—it looks as if it bided yesterday. Mere pen and ink are powerless to describe it. De Amie's came near the truth when he said "one could not do better than to write the word 'White,' with a white pencil on blue paper, and make a note on the margin, 'Impressions of Cadiz.' It is a study in blue and white—its regular rows of snowy buildings along a bold promontory, between sea and sky the color of indigo."

The City's Environment.
Situating at the extremity of a long and narrow isthmus, connected with the main land only by a strip of rocky earth, in some places not two hundred yards across, Cadiz is practically an island, nearly all its streets beginning and ending at the ocean. The long surges of the Atlantic beat upon its western and southern ramparts, while the north and east is encircled by the deep inlet which forms an inner harbor. The city is very strongly fortified, with high sea walls, bastions, forts, and watchtowers, calling to mind the desolating inroads of Barbary pirates. When perpetual watch was kept and their dreaded coming announced by signal-fires built on the hill-tops.

Anchored at last in the outer bay, you climb down into a felucca—a queer craft, with an immense triangular sail and top-like hull, equipped with a rudder at both stem and stern. The waves are always white-capped in Cadiz Bay, ruffled by winds that sweep the inlet as through a funnel; and the sail to shore is anything but unalloyed delight, with a stiff breeze tipping the felucca to the punwale. Past the frowning walls of San Sebastian, Santa Catalina, San Fernando, Matagorda, and several other medieval forts you go, under rusty guns that seem to threaten the hated American with instant destruction. The instant your feet touch the shore of Spain you realize that you are under the most friendly military supervision, and presently find yourself in the clutches of the greediest customs officials in the world.

To Enlarge the Proving Ground.
The Navy Department is endeavoring to secure a large strip of land adjoining the proving ground at Indian Head. The ground now embraces 1,000 acres, but is not large enough, and about 400 more acres are wanted. The owners want \$25,000 for the land, which is valued at \$15,000. Condemnation proceedings may be resorted to to obtain the land.

The Movements of Vessels.
The following movements of naval vessels were announced yesterday: The New York arrived at La Guayra; the Texas left New York for San Juan, and the Montgomery went from Eusemunda to Monte video, and then returned to Eusemunda.

At Johnstons, 729 7th St. N. W.

Big Bargains
for Tomorrow.Best granulated
Sugar 3 1/2c

5 lbs. of best Granulated Sugar at the exceedingly low price of 3 1/2c lb., only with each 1-lb. purchase of 30c Java and Mocha Coffee, or with each 1-lb. purchase of 50c Green, Black, or Mixed Tea.

Special sale barrels of the \$3.90 Best Family Flour; price for Monday \$3.50

Sacks of the Best Family Flour, on Monday; the 12-lb., 24-lb., and 49-lb. size sacks, for 25c, 50c, 98c

Special sale on Best Fresh Loose Rolled Oats, in 10-lb. lots, for 2 1/2c lb

Special sale on Anderson's Delicious Baked Beans, in Tomato Sauce, for 6 1/2c can

Special sale on Campbell's Concentrated Soups, great assortment. Monday's price 8 1/2c can

Special sale on 10-lb. lots of bright, new, and sweet Oregon Prunes, for 4 1/2c lb

Special sale on 5-lb. lots of bright, new California Evaporated Peaches 9 1/2c lb

Special sale on best bright Smoked Sugar-cured Hams; the 12c Hams for 10 1/2c lb

Special sale on either the Victor or Hawkeye Oats, in 2-lb. packages. Lots of 5 pkgs. for 5 1/2c pkg

Special sale on Pillsbury's Best XXXX Flour. The largest sacks, quarter barrel size, for \$1.20

12-lb. sacks of Pillsbury's Flour for 30c, and 24-lb. sacks of Pillsbury's Flour, for 60c each

Cut This Out. By bringing this coupon to the Johnston store and presenting it tomorrow you will be allowed 25 cents on barrel of Pillsbury's Flour you purchase.

Special Egg bargain tomorrow at the Johnston store, 729 Seventh st. Price 13 1/2c doz

Special sale on good, ripe California Oranges, for Monday; price is 18c doz

Special sale on the Best Elgin Butter, for Monday 28c lb

Special sale on the best Burbank Potatoes, for Monday 65c bu

Special sale on the 10c Mother's Brand, 2-lb. package Oats. Monday price 8 1/2c pkg

Special sale on the Royal Red Tomatoes, largest cans, best tomatoes 5 1/2c can

The above named special prices are each and every one good for one day only, Monday, come early.

JOHNSTONS, 729 7th St. N. W.

Mustering Out
—OF—
SHOES!

A quick "muster out" of certain lines of Shoes. It's in accordance with our usual custom at this season of the year! The reductions have been sharp—decisive. These Shoe bargains call for a quick response:

Women's
\$3.50, \$4, and \$5
Shoes, \$1.

Broken sizes in Women's \$3.50, \$4, and \$5 Shoes. These have been placed on a bargain table for easy buying and selling. Take a pair if your size is here at

Women's
Slippers,
99c.

Women's Black Kid, Red, Pink, and Blue Satin Slippers. Just what you ladies need for evening wear. Reduced to

\$2.98
For Men's
Tan Shoes.

Any pair of "H. S. & H's" Winter Tan Shoes in stock, that sold for \$4 and \$5. "Hum-mie" Shoes excepted, go at

\$1.00. 99c.

\$2.98.

CROCKER'S,

Shoes Shined Free.

939 Penna. Ave.

BRANSON, OF KNOXVILLE

An American Artist Who Really
Enjoys Obscurity.

The Phenomenal Success of a Photograph Styled "Alligator Bait" and Its Interesting History—Taking Titles as a Factor in Making Pictures Popular—The Age of Truth.

This wholesome sentiment in a recent art magazine is worth quoting, as it quite accords with the writer's firm faith in things American: "Our aim is to make it clear that American art is something fresh, virile, and characteristic, equaling in importance and influence other national schools, and inspiring the world with hopes for a great twentieth century art."

Then follows this interesting confession: "We are obliged to say that much of the work that is really and typically American at present is being created by men and women whose names are not yet engraven on the enduring walls of fame. The hope of our new art rests on them rather than on the more famous ones whose skillful works, ticketed with salon recognition, have no spark of the American spirit." People who will be pioneers and blaze the way for those who follow must meet with vigorous opposition from the conservatives, who find it more comfortable to accept and defend conventional standards than to use their brains and give honor where honor is due, no matter what cherished notions are dispelled or what gods are dethroned. This is an age of seeking after truth, and the public, grown accustomed to revelations in the field of scientific investigation, is ready to accept new truths about art. The public must, it, and those earnest students and specialists who frankly declare the truth on art matters, will find friends who will help them with the battle against the conservatives.

Recent exhibitions in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and New York have been widely commented upon recently, and while it is true that some of the critics are cautious, most of the art reviews of these exhibitions ring with praise of the young men, many of them finely equipped with the best foreign training, who have gone right to nature here at home for inspiration. These pictures are a delight, and give one a confidence in native talent and native material.

Mr. Lloyd Branson, of Knoxville, was in the city last week arranging for some paintings which the Postoffice Department is to send to Paris as part of its exhibit at the coming exposition. Mr. Branson is a painter of ability who prefers the quiet environment of his native town and a good business connection to any distinction that would surely have come to him had he pulled up stakes ten years ago and settled in New York, when his Academy picture, some Tennessee mountain girls of the Charles Egbert Craddock type, attracted the attention of artists and connoisseurs alike. This picture was purchased by one of the Crockers, of California, who became an enthusiastic admirer of the artist and urged him to come to New York. The distinguished collector saw in the young man evidence not only of talent, but that Branson had a keen appreciation of the picturesqueness of his mountain people.

Mr. Crocker offered every inducement to the artist to come to New York or go abroad and finish his studies, but Mr. Branson preferred to remain quietly at home, and declined the flattering proposition in a brief and appreciative note. Fifteen years ago Mr. Branson and the writer occupied the same studio in New York, where both had come from the South as students to benefit by a winter in the great city. Branson, always reserved and cautious, worked seriously and well while many a more brilliant student became more widely known, only to be forgotten, because the progress in the work did not keep pace with his social recognition. Mr. Branson has been absent from the Northern exhibitions for some years now, but one can never be sure that the coming season may not see one of his serious and excellent American pictures the talk of the Academy.

Mr. Branson is a fine example also of one of the two types of American artists. One type is consumed with an ambition to be famous and on the altar of art lays everything, even to life itself; the other, to which Branson belongs, loves art quite as much, and is equally industrious, but

Looking for Another
Busy Week.

Such value-giving as ours must be successful, and the amount of business done in the last few days clearly proves the old maxim that "Honesty is the best policy."

We've added to our already strong list of TRADE MAKERS.

TWO ITEMS IN OVERCOATS.
Embracing All the Small Lots.
Item 1—\$12 and
\$13.50 Overcoats at \$8.90
Item 2—\$15 and
\$18 Overcoats at \$10.90

D. J. Kaufman,
1007 Pa. Ave.

It is for art's own sweet sake, because he enjoys the work above all other occupations.

What becomes of the pictures is small concern to him, and the thought that they make him personally conspicuous is actually distasteful to him. And thus it happens that many years ago he associated himself with a photographer in Knoxville and is a partner, painting portraits from life and pursuing his art studies on the comfortable income derived from the business. His position is unique. This course is not uncommon with artists, but such a business association invariably destroys the art instinct and the artist ceases to paint anything of real value. Branson is without ambition, either in art or business, but his enjoyment of painting is as deep as that of any man who ever lived. That he is a surprising skill in some directions well known to all but himself. It is doubtful if it ever occurs to him to compare his work with that of others; probably that would seem to him a waste of time, but in the presence of a great picture or some impressive and paintable scene it is perfectly apparent how exact is his judgment and how keen his appreciation of beauty in form and color. His poetic sense is delicate and refined and his enjoyment of life full, rounded, and complete. That he is an obscure genius is not so small a matter to anyone who has seen this store.

Branson was relating to the writer the history of the now famous negro photograph—"Alligator Bait"—a row of smiling negro babies on the shore of a sandy bayou. His partner showed him the picture, declaring that it would prove popular and had it copyrighted. Mr. Branson took no special interest in it, regarding it as clever, perhaps, but rather looking on it as a store. This photograph was placed in the window in Knoxville and a prize, a few dollars, offered for the best name that might be suggested for the picture. Titles came in thick and fast. One young man, who was working in a hardware store nearby, called in from the door: "Put me down for Alligator Bait," and his name was recorded with his suggestion for a title. A committee of prominent citizens was appointed to determine which among the hundreds of suggestions was the winner. Be it remembered that all this time the matter was regarded as a bit of humor of local importance.

The committee narrowed its titles down to three, and finally accepted the prize from the young man in the hardware store. This picture has become well known from one end of the country to the other. The illustrated papers have had very high for it, but the owners will not permit it to appear in other form than the original photograph. Mr. Branson says the sales from this one negative have reached nearly \$5,000.

The success of this picture recalls some phenomenal recent book sales. It may safely be said that the larger part of the success of this picture is due to the captivating humor of the title, as was that famous Academy picture of a puzzle old man examining a stocking in which many holes had been worn. The title was simply "Not Worth a Stocking."

JAMES HENRY MOSER.
"The people know what's what and that's as high as metaphysics will run." The reason Herbie's beer is so popular is that the people know what's what and that is all one would care to know. "Phone 65, Arlington Building Co., for a case of Merrett, Senate, or Lager."